

TERMS:—The Post will be furnished subscribers at the following rates:

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At the end of the year, 3 00

Post's Corner.



The Church-Yard Stile.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I left you young and gay, Mary,
When last the thorn was white;
I went upon my way, Mary,
And all the morn seemed bright:
For tho' my love had not been told,
Yet, yet I saw thy form
Beside me, in the midnight watch,
Abide me, in the storm.
And many a blissful dream I had,
That brought thy gentle smile,
Just as it came when last we leaned
Upon the church-yard stile.

I'm here to seek thee now, Mary,
As all I loved the best;
To fondly tell thee how, Mary,
I've hid thee in my breast;
I came to yield thee up my heart,
With hope, and truth, and joy,
And crown with manhood's honest faith,
The feelings of the boy.

I breathed thy name, but every pulse
Grew still and cold the while,
For I was told thou wert asleep,
Just by the church-yard stile.

My messmates deemed me brave, Mary,
Upon the sinking ship;
But flowers o'er thy grave, Mary,
Have powers to blanch my lip.
I felt no power of quailing fear,
Anid the wrecking surf,
But pale and weak I tremble here
Upon the osier turf.

I came to meet thy happy face,
And woo thy gleesome smile,
And only find thy resting place
Close by the church-yard stile.

Oh, years may pass away, Mary,
And sorrow loose its sting,
For time is kind, they say, Mary,
And flies with healing wing;
The world may make me old and wise,
And hope may have its birth,
And other joys and other things
May link me to the earth;
But memory, living to the last,
Shall treasure up thy smile,
That called me back to find thy grave,
Beside the church-yard stile.

Humorous Tales

From Porter's Spirit of the Times.

A Tight Night:

OR

HOW WE WENT ON A "BUST" IN NEW YORK.

Tom and I are Bohemians. I don't mean we were born in the festive spot called Bohemia, but Bohemians in the Parisian sense of the word. We room together, work together, spend our money—when we have any—together, and I am ashamed to say—often smile too frequently together.

Well, Tom and I were sitting in our attic, smoking our pipes, and meditating on that grand historical picture we are always going to paint, and which we never do, when we were interrupted by hearing a quick step ascending the stairs.

"Hallo, here's a dun," cried Tom.

"I trust not," said I.

Our apprehensions were soon quieted.

Jim Brine burst into the room, his face radiant with joy.

"Well, fellows, how goes it?"

"Bad," we cried, both in a breath; "our baccy is nearly out, haven't tasted bier all day, and of ochre we are minus."

"No matter," said Jim, "congratulate me. Bombaste has accepted my play, handed me over the tin, and now I'm going to spend it."

"Hurrah. What did you get?"

"Only two hundred; little enough; but then I wanted the money so devilish bad, that I was glad to get it."

"How's the landlady—you haven't forgotten her?"

"Oh, no, I have made her happy for some time to come. She said she always knew I was a gentleman, but a poor lone woman must be careful in looking after that little that is owing her. I soon cut her short, gave her five dollars to buy a new cap—more than she deserves. But what's the odds as long as you're happy? Let us go and play a game of billiards."

Jim, for the last two months had been in a state of siege. He used to watch for the landlady going to market, and when she had gone, he would steal quietly down stairs and away. Once out of the house, there was no danger; for he took good care not to return till every one had gone to bed.

Mrs. Macfarlane soon got accustomed—or, as Jim says, "fly"—to this mode of proceeding. So she would call out at the top of the basement stairs, "Mary, I'm going to market; if any one calls, I shall be back in half an hour." She would then open the hall door, shut it again with great violence, return to the parlor, and lay in wait for poor Jim coming down stairs, who had nothing left him but to make a bolt directly he saw her.

The charge of the light brigade at Balaklava was more honorable; but certainly not more hazardous.

Things at last arrived at such a pitch, that he was afraid to venture down stairs. He locked his door, lit his pipe, and awaited the assault of the enemy. She soon commenced the attack—Jim let off a volley of



anathemas, which, as she attended meetings regularly, so astonished her that she left the field in dismay.

Matters, however, were settled amicably by Bombaste accepting Jim's play.

"Well, are you coming to play this game of billiards?"

"Yes," and we sallied forth arm in arm.

How many games we played, or how many drinks we had, I know not. Some time afterwards we found ourselves in Broadway.

The first thing that attracted our attention was a large placard, asking us if we had used a peculiar kind of candy.

"Hold on," said Jim; and he entered the store. We followed.

"Is Mr. — in?" inquired Jim, asking for the proprietor.

"Yes, sir," said a young lady, who was officiating at the counter. "Do you wish to see him?"

"If you please."

We were wondering what in the name of fortune Jim wanted to see him about, when the individual in question made his appearance.

"Did you wish to see me, gentlemen?"

"Yes," said Jim; "I hope you will excuse me; but you propound a very startling question."

"Indeed! what is that, sir?"

"You wish to know if we use your candy. We have merely called in to say we don't. Good night, sir!"

We walked out, leaving the store keeper petrified with astonishment.

"Where shall we go next?" said Tom.

"I don't know; I wish we were in Paris."

"Or London; then we might go to Evans' or the cider cellars."

Many places were mentioned, but scout soon as proposed.

"Let us take a stroll."

"Agreed."

We lit our cigars, and promenaded down Broadway, amusing ourselves by crossing the road as often as possible, and giving a gentle pull at the omnibus doors as they passed, which caused the driver to pull up, and look through the hole for his sixpence.

As nobody wanted to get out, he would drive on again, swearing audibly at the passengers, for making a fool of him.

When we got to pearl, Jim said:

"Let us go down here, and we will have a lark."

"Go ahead, where you lead, we are bound to follow."

Jim stopped opposite a coffin store, drew out his handkerchief, settled his usually jovial-looking face into one of profound melancholy, and entered.

When we opened the door we heard sounds of laughter proceeding from the back parlor, but it was hushed instantly, and a man, the very picture of intense grief, emerged therefrom.

"What can I have the plea?" (he was about to say pleasure, but checked himself, and said)—"what can I do for you?"

"I want," said Jim, "to look at your coffins," and he heaved a deep sigh.

"Yes, sir. That style of coffin is very fashionable now, sir. It is liked exceedingly. It is neat, but at the same time effective."

"What is the price?"

"Ten dollars. You will find it a very serviceable article. I know you will be satisfied with it, sir. I sell a great number of that style of thing. It gives universal satisfaction."

"Do you think it will do, Charles?" said Jim, turning to me.

Not knowing what the dickens he meant to do with it if he bought it, I said I thought it would.

"Well, then, I will take eight."

"Eight!" said the man, surprised.

"Yes. I suppose you won't charge for sending them to the boat. I want to take them to Fort Hamilton."

"Dear, dear me, sir. Are they all for your own family?"

"Yes," said Jim. "Father, mother, brothers, sisters, all gone!" and he pressed his handkerchief to his face.

"Certainly, sir, I'll send them free of all charge."

"Thank you. Could you oblige me with a drink of water?"

"Would you prefer the brandy?"

"It might be better; I want something to sustain me."

The man produced his brandy, and we all partook of some. He made inquiries of Jim about the yellow fever at Fort Hamilton, with a view, I presume, of sending some coffins there on speculation.

Jim assured him that the papers, far from exaggerating things, had underrated them, when he gave a convulsive sob, and said:

"Excuse me for a few moments," and rushed from the shop.

Tom and I, under the pretence of looking after him, left also, glad to get away so easily.

We found Jim at the top of Pearl street holding an animated conversation with the gentleman who owns the large telescope, concerning whether it was inhabited or not, and insisting on looking through without charge, as he was connected with the press.

"I say, that was done first rate, wasn't it? Merit ought not go unrewarded—let us have some supper."

"With all my heart, where shall we go?"

"Let us go up to the—"

"All right, go on."

We managed to get up as far as Grand without any incident worth recording, when Jim espied a 'star,' and insisted on addressing him.

"Mr. Star," said Jim, "excuse me for speaking to you without a formal introduction."

"Well, what is it?"

"You are a member, I presume, of this free and enlightened country."

"Yes, I guess so."

"Ah, I thought so. What do you think—I ask you as a man of honor, and as a man of integrity—what do you think of the internal policy of the Government of Springapattam?"

The only answer the man of honor and integrity gave, was, "You go on, now, or else you'll be locked up."

Jim, after exhorting him to 'keep cool,' and requesting him to remember him kindly to his mother, walked on.

Broome was reached, and Jim said he had to make a call there.

"Very well, we will wait here."

"No, come along with me."

Jim ascended the steps of a very respectable looking house, on the hall door of which there was a knocker; he seized it, and gave a tremendous rapping, loud enough to awaken the dead. Before he had relinquished the knocker, the door was opened, and a man demanded what he wanted.

"I wish to look at the rooms here, if you please."

"A nice time," said the man, "to look at rooms just as people are going to bed."

"I am aware it is an unseasonable hour, but I am detained in business all day, so it is impossible for me to call earlier."

"You might be sure of the house before you knock people up. We don't let rooms here."

"You don't! Pardon me, is this not No. —?"

"No, sir," said the man, somewhat softened; "this is — No. — is across the way."

"Thank you."

The man closed the door. Jim, merely to let him know he had been sold, honored him with a mysterious noise, in imitation of the crowing of a cock.

We found ourselves shortly afterwards in a nice cosy box of the — restaurant, ordering supper.

On our calling 'waiter!' an Irishman made his appearance with, "What do you please to want, sur?"

"Bring me," said Jim, "a stewed bifurcated anchelyoses."

"A stewed what, sur?"

"A bifurcated anchelyoses stewed."

"Yes, sur."

Tom, not to be behindhand, determined to get off a little Welsh; so he ordered a broiled pethwyrabourth, dressed with pickled asteroids.

"Och, Lord a marcy! an' I never heard o' sich before. An' it's not on the bill of fare, I'm thinking ye'll find 'em."

Jim and Tom assured him they were perfectly in earnest. If he could not understand them, to send the cook.

"But is it on the bill of fare, they are, sur?"

"Never mind that. You tell your cook—he will know what is wanted."

The man, supposing them to be perfectly incorrigible, went away; and in a few minutes the cook appeared, knife in hand, ready to take our order.

Supper, after some difficulty, was at last ordered, soon served, and as quickly disappeared.

Jim, with the intention of confusing the waiter, told him to bring us three 'mandragoris.' He soon got over the difficulty, however, by bringing us brandy, which, I have no doubt, did just as well.

When Jim was paying our score, he suggested one more drink. Nothing loath, we readily acquiesced. Jim was by this time very dignified, and insisted upon everybody, when they addressed him to use that respect due from one gentleman to another.

The bar-keeper, hearing drinks mentioned, desired to know what he wanted.

"Give me a hot brandy cock-tail," said Jim.

"Hot what, sir?" said the bar-keeper, thinking he must have misunderstood him, hearing such an unusual order given.

"Hot brandy cock tail. Did you never hear of that before?"

"No, sir, they are never made hot."

"No matter whether they are or not—I want one, so give it to me. How dare you dictate to a gentleman?"

"All right, sir, you shall have one—Patrick, bring me some hot water."

The bar-keeper mixed one, put in ice, and the usual ingredients, then added hot water. Jim drank it, declared it was the best drink he ever tasted, and would never touch anything but cock-tails, hot.

What followed next, I am not quite sure about. I have an indistinct remembrance of our taking a respectable old physician's sign down, and attaching it to a house where notambulist retire for the night; but retire for the remainder of the morning, would be more correct.

But this I am quite certain of. I awoke the next morning, with a horrible cottony mouth, and not a penny in my pocket to procure a cocktail, or even a soda-water. Reader, pity me.

Foiling a Rival.

"The critter loves me! I know she loves me!" said Jonathan Doubikins, as he sat upon the cornfield fence, meditating on the course of his true love, that was running just as Shakespeare always said it did—rather roughly. "If Suckey Peabody has taken a shine to that gawky, long-shanked, stammerin' shy critter, Gusset, jest 'cause he's a city fellur, she ain't the gal I took her for—that's sartin. Nol it's the old folks—darn their ugly pictures—Old Mrs. Peabody was always a dreadful hifalutin' critter, full of big notions, and the old man is a regular softhead, driven about by his wife jest as our old one-eyed rooster is drove about by our cantankerous five-toed Dorkin' hen. But if I don't spoil his fun my name ain't Jonathan. I'm going down to the city by the railroad next week, and when I come back—wake snakes! that's all."

The above soliloquy may serve to give the reader some slight idea of the "lay of the land" in the pleasant rustic village where the speaker resided.

Mr. Jonathan Doubikins was a young farmer, well to do in the world, and looking out for a wife, and had been paying his addresses to Miss Susan Peabody, the only child of Deacon Elderberry Peabody of that ilk, with a fair prospect of success, when a city acquaintance of the Peabody's, Mr. Cornelius Gusset, who kept a retail dry goods shop in Hanover street, Boston, had suddenly made his appearance in the field, and had commenced the "cutting out" game. Dazzled with the prospect of becoming a gentleman's wife, and pestered with the importunities of her aspiring mama, the village beauty had begun to waver, when her old lover determined on a last and bold strike to foil his rival.

He went to the city and returned. Of his business there he said nothing—not even to a pumping maiden aunt who kept house for him. He went not near the Peabody's, but labored in his cornfield; patiently awaiting the result of his machinations.

The next day, Mr. Gusset was seated with the old folks and their daughter in the best room of the Peabody mansion, chatting as pleasantly as may be, when the door opened and in rushed a very dirty and very furious Irishwoman.

"It is there ye are, Mr. Cornelius!" she screamed, addressing the astonished Gusset. "Come out of that, before I fetch ye, ye spalpeen! Is that what ye promised me afore the praste, ye haythen nagur? Runnin' away from me and the childer, forsakin' yer lawful wedded wife, and runnin' after the yankee gals, ye infidell!"

"Woman, there must be some mistake here," stammered Gusset, taken all aback by this charge.

"Divil a bit of a mistake, ye sarprint.—O, wirral wirral was it for the likes of ye I sacked little Dennis M'Carty, who really loved the ground I thoged on, and all becase ye promised to make a lady of me, ye dirty thief of a worruld! Will ye come along to the railroad station, where I left little Patrick, becase he was too sick with the small pox to come any further, or will ye wait till I drag ye?"

"Go—go—along," gasped Gusset; "go, and I'll follow you."

"I giv' ye tin minnits," said the virago. If ye aint there, is my euzzin, Mr. Thaddy Mulgruddey, will be after ye, ye thief." And away went this "unbidden guest."

Mr. Gusset was yet engaged in stammering out a denial of all knowledge of the virago, when the parlor door was again opened, and a little black-eyed, hatchet-faced woman, in a flashy silk gown, and a cap with many ribbons perched on the top of her head, invaded the sanctity of the parlor.

"Is he here?" she cried, in a decided French accent. Then she added, with a scream, "ah! mon Dieu le viola. Zere he is. Traite, monster! Vot for you run away from me? Dis two, tree year I neavir see you, neavir, and my heart broke ver bad entirely."

"Who are you?" cried Gusset, his eyes starting out of his head, and shivering from head to foot.

"He asks who I am. O, ladies! O, ye ver respectable old gentilhomme! hear vat he ask! Who am, perfidol! ah! I am your wife!"

"I never see you 'fore—so help me Bob!" cried Gusset, energetically.

"Don't you swear!" said Deacon Peabody. "Ef you do, I'll kick you into fits by golly! I won't hev no profane language in my house."

"Oh, bless you! bless you! respectable old man. Tell him he must come viz me. Tell him I have spake to zee constable.—Tell him—" sobs interrupted her utterance.

"It's a pesky bad business!" said the deacon, chatting with unwonted ire—"Gusset, you are a rascal."

"Take care, Deacon Peabody, take care said the unfortunate shopkeeper.

"I remarked you was a rascal, Gusset. You've gone and married two wives, and that ere's flat burglary, ef I know anything 'bout the Revised Statoots."

"Two wives!" shrieked the French woman.

"Half a dozen, for aught I know to the contrary!" said the deacon. "Now you

clear out of my house, go 'way to the station, and clear out into Boston. I won't hev nothing more to do with you."

"But deacon, hear me."

"I don't want to hear you, you rascal!" cried the deacon, stopping his ears with his hands. "Marryin' two wives, an' comin' courtin' a third. Go long, clear out!"

Even Mrs. Peabody, who was inclined to put in a word for the culprit, was silenced. Susan turned from him in horror, and in utter despair he fled to railway station, hotly pursued by the clamorous and indignant French woman.

That same evening, as Miss Susan Peabody was walking towards the village, she was overtaken by Mr. Jonathan Doubikins, dressed in his best, and driving his fast going horse before his Sunday go-to-meeting chaise. He reined up, and accosted her—

"Hallo, Suke! Get in and take a ride?"

"Don't care if I do, Jonathan," replied the young lady, accepting the proffered seat.

"I say—you," said Jonathan grinning, "that ere city fellur's turned out a poopy pup, aint he?"

"It's dreadful, if it's true!" replied the young lady.

"You had a narrow escape, didn't ye?" pursued the old lover. "But he warn't never of no account, anyhow. What do the old folks think about it?"

"They haint said a word sence he cleared out."

"Forgot that night I rode you home from singing school?" asked Jonathan, suddenly branching off.

"No, I haint," replied the young lady, blushing and smiling at the same time.

"Remember them apples I gin you?"

"O yes."

"Well, they was good—wasn't they?"

"First rate, Jonathan."

"Got a hull orchard of them kind er fruit, Suke," said Jonathan suggestively.

Susan was silent.

"Gelang!" exclaimed Jonathan, putting the "braid" on the black horse. "Have you any idee where we are going to, Suke?"

"I'm going to the village."

"No, you aint; you're going long er me."

"Where to?"

"Providence. And you don't come back till you're Mrs. Doubikins no how you can fix it."

"How you talk Jonathan!"

"Darn the old folks!" cried Jonathan, putting on the string again. "Ef I was to leave you with them much longer, they'd be tradin' you off on to some city fellur with half a dozen wives already."

The next day, as Mr. and Mrs. Doubikins, were returning home in their chaise Jonathan said, confidentially—

"May as well tell you now, Suke, for I haint any secrets from you, that Gusset never seen them women afore the day they came stompin' into your house and blowed him up. I had though. Cost me ten dollars, by thunder! I teacht 'em what to say, and I expect they done it well.—Old Gusset may be a sharp shopkeeper, but if he expects to get ahead of Jonathan Doubikins, he must get up a plaguy sight airlier of mornings."

FULL PARTICULARS.—A good story is told of an old lady who had received a letter from her son, a sailor on board a merchantman, which ran thus:

"Have been driven into the Bay of Fundy by a pomposse right in the teeth. It blowed great guns, and carried away the bowsprit; a heavy sea, washed overboard the binnacle and companion, the captain lost his buadrant, and couldn't take any observation for fifteen days; at last we arrived at Halifax."

The old woman, who could not read herself, got a neighbor to repeat it to her three or four times, until she thought she had got it by heart. She then sallied out to tell the story.

"Oh, my poor son!"

"Why, what's the matter, mother? I hope no mischief?"

"Oh, thank God, he's safe! But he has been driven into the Bay of Firmament by a bamboozle right in



LEBANON, KY.

Wednesday Morning, Dec. 3, 1856

To Poets.

Our CARRIER BOY offers the reward of a fine SILVER PENCIL, for the best written NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS, to contain over seventy-five lines, and not exceed two hundred; to be handed into this office before the 25th of December.

Blank Verse will be acceptable.

From the feeling of the air to-day, coupled with the absence of a sufficient amount of caloric to render it comfortable, and the blustering of old Boreas, one would suppose that our old grey-beard friend, Winter—had already made his advent among us. Speaking of winter, puts us in mind of those fine loads of Wood promised us by our delinquent patrons—when will they make their appearance? Speaking of wood puts us in mind of our fond and long cherished anticipations of the speedy completion of our branch railroad, so that we might be enabled to use coal. Speaking of coal puts us in mind of the fact of that article having been sold in Louisville for a few weeks past at fifty cents per bushel, but owing to the rise of water, we presume it will come down, (both in price and in the river.) Speaking of high water, puts us in mind of the damage done to the Railroad bridges on the Rolling Fork, Beyond New Haven;—the turbulent waters having washed away the entire "truss-work" erected for the purpose of placing up the timbers. Speaking of a bridge puts us in mind that there are divers bridges both on the Campbellsville and Springfield Turnpikes which need looking after. Speaking of Turnpikes, puts us in mind of the fair prospect we have of a Turnpike shortly being completed to Bradfordsville as "the work goes bravely on." Speaking of work, puts in mind of reminding our friends that we are always prepared to do Job Work upon the shortest notice and upon the most reasonable terms. Call early and secure your seats.

The Grand Jury which sat during last week has done an enormous business. They have searched out and indicted every man who bet a pair of boots or a hat on the Presidential Election, whilst those who made bona fide wagers of large sums of money went "Scott free." Not only this, but they took no cognizance whatever of those cases wherein individuals publicly boasted of betting and winning money on the last August election. We like to see every man do his whole duty, but this thing of favoritism we dispise.

On account of the law enacted by the last Legislature in relation to pedlars and auctioneers, the goods recently brought here to be auctioned off will not be sold in that way, but will be sold at private sale. We have examined some of their goods and found them to be not only of good quality but extremely low in price.

On Monday last the last or short session of the present Congress convened at Washington. It being already organized, the President's Message, we suppose, was sent in immediately, perhaps on Monday or Tuesday. The probability is that not much business will be transacted this session, which will be directed to the winding up of the affairs of the expiring administration. The responsibility of new and important measures will be thrown over to the next administration.

The Hog Market.—The Louisville Courier of Saturday says the market has assumed a firmer tone, with liberal receipts and a few sales at \$5.75 net. The pens are pretty well filled, and the packers actively at work. The following is from the Cincinnati Gazette of Monday:

The speculative movement in the provision Market was somewhat prominent to-day, and there were sales to a moderate extent—the particulars of which were not made public—at advance prices. Lard sold at over 10c. for prime barrel. Mess pork brought \$14, and green shoulders were also higher. The advance in hogs over yesterday was 10 to 15 per one hundred pound, closing with a very strong tendency towards \$6. The cause of this upward movement we noticed in our last issue. It is based entirely on an anticipated deficiency, as indicated by the receipts at this port so far this season. There is no consumptive demand for products, excepting lard. Country dealers are the most free purchasers for both hogs and provisions.

Sensible at Last.—The grief-stricken Fillmoreans of Mayslick propose converting their Fillmore poles into horse racks.

GREAT HAUL OF BOGUS MONEY.—From the Louisville Courier of Nov. 28th we copy the following:

Yesterday a man named Daniel Preston offered a fifty dollar note at the jewelry store of Julius Mendel, which turned out to be broken or spurious. An officer was sent for, and Mr. Bligh having arrived took him in custody. He was searched and four thousand dollars of the bills of a defunct bank in Georgia were found on his person; also five hundred dollars of counterfeit money. He was lodged in jail to await an examination before the Police Court this morning. It is fortunate that this fellow with his heavy cargo of bogus money was arrested before the community had suffered by his spoiliations.

Time's Changes.—The inventors of steampower, railroads, and machinery, have, during this century, changed the means and courses of living, while the discoveries of science have done even more for the advancement of human happiness and the amelioration of human suffering. Our forefathers, when they were sick, drank their bitter drugs that did not cure, and bowed them down under diseases that are now easily broken. They tried crude roots and herbs, which failed them. Now scientific research has discovered that the peculiar property of one root and that of another was required. It is through this light, and on this principle, Dr. Ayre has compounded his two great remedies—Cherry Pectoral and Cathartic Pills. He has concentrated the curative virtues of our best vegetable remedied. The result shows their origin, and their results are known in this community. Mark the difference to a patient, in the lapse of fifty years. Then he swallowed his bitter pill in vain—now the sick man takes his sugared pill or honied drop, and soon is well again. These adaptations of the sciences which bear upon the security or the comforts of human life are after all the tangible points of their vantage to man. Without them it matters little how much may be discovered, or what we know since it is unable to our necessities and use.—*Eastern Literary Review.*

THE GREATEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.—Scarcely a day passes but that we hear of some poor suffering invalid, hopelessly desponding, and beyond the reach of medical skill, having been restored by that surpassing and wonderful medicine known as Hurley's sarsaparilla. This remedy is frequently substituted, and the unsuspecting and too confident patient made to believe that all sarsaparillas are alike—such is not the case—Hurley's undergoes a peculiar process known only to himself, and has never been equalled by any preparation brought to public notice.—*Balt. Clipper.*

Samsbury is fully supplied.

The Elizabethtown Intelligencer furnishes the following items:

On Friday night last a party composed of Wm. Shaplaw, his son, and three nephews, tore down a large portion of the fencing of Abraham Cowley, on Mill Creek in this county. They were warned off by the old man and his wife; whereupon they proceeded to stone the house, rack the fence, and threatened to kill the old man, and abused and insulted the old lady in the coarsest terms—ending the demonstration by firing a pistol at the house.

On the night of the 21st ult., the store of T. P. Howard, Esq., of Hodgenville, was entered by Hugh and Sam'l. McDaniell, who took five watches therefrom—one gold and four silver. Our informant says that several persons were in the store that evening, and among them was one of these boys, who unscrewed the fastenings that held one of the blinds in the front door, in order that he might take the blind out after the crowd dispersed, which he did, and after cutting the sash out with a knife, entered the store, and took the articles from the show case.

THE DECLINE OF RELIGION.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says "There has been a remarkable decline in matter of religious interest for about ten years past, especially in the Northern States. The last feature of this decline is scarcity of faithful ministers of the gospel. If any one doubts this, we can send 'facts and figures.' We attribute it almost entirely to the fact of a large portion of the clergy and religious prelates being absorbed in the ever-annoying theme of anti-slavery. We now hope there is a good time coming, as the bubble has burst."

A clergyman in the east being supposed at the point of death, a neighboring brother who had some interest with his patron, applied for the next presentation, upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said he wanted his death. No, no, Doctor, said the other; you quite mistake me. It was your living I wanted.

The workmen in the Commonwealth's office have presented the late editor, Mr. Callender, a beautiful silver goblet, as a testimonial of their esteem and respect.

Frank. Yeoman.

A party of workmen, a few days since, while making an excavation at Taylorsville, a little town a few miles below this city, on the Kentucky shore, found a bottle containing bills on the Old United States Bank, amounting to forty thousand dollars. Our informant, a citizen of the town, believes them to be genuine bills.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Vote of Kentucky.

OFFICIAL MAJORITY FOR BUCHANAN, 6,118.

Unpardonable Negligence!!

NINE COUNTIES DISFRANCHISED!

We received last night the following special dispatch, from a friend at Frankfort:

FRANKFORT, Dec. 1.

W. N. Haldeman: The vote of Grant, Letcher, and Bracken counties, have not been received at all at the office of the Secretary of State.

The official vote for the two highest candidates for elector stood as follows:

Stevenson, Dem., 69,509
Hanson, K. N., 63,391

Buck and Breck's maj., 6,118

The votes of Crittenden, Union, Rockcastle, Harlan, Marion, and Rowan counties were thrown out by the Board of Canvassers, on account of informality in their returns. Thus are the voters of nine counties disfranchised by negligence.

The official majority for Buchanan and Breckinridge, as declared, is 6,118.

The announcement of the result as above will strike our readers with surprise. It is unpardonable and criminal that the votes of nine counties should thus be disfranchised through the negligence of officials; and, although at this time, the general result of the State is not affected by it, yet, if the vote had been a close one, a very unfortunate and unpleasant state of feeling would have been a necessary consequence. The vote of the nine counties disfranchised are reported thus:

	Buchanan	Fillmore
Crittenden	644	506
Union	925	653
Rockcastle	184	417
Marion	1154	418
Harlan	264	331
Rowan	237	106
Letcher	109 maj.	—
Grant	35 "	—
Bracken	—	126 maj.
	3552	2557
Buck's maj.	995	—
To which add Buchanan's official majority	6118	—
	7113	—

—thus showing Buchanan's actual majority in Kentucky to be nearly one thousand votes greater than the "official" count makes it.

It may be all right; but it certainly looks a little suspicious that the knowledge of officials at Frankfort only discovered discrepancies in counties giving in the aggregate a large Democratic majority.

ORTHOGRAPHY CLASS.—Teacher: Spell

Boy: A-x-e.

Teacher: What is an axe?

Boy: An instrument for cutting.

Teacher: How many kinds of axes are there?

Boy: Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, axe of the Legislature, axing piece, and axe of the Apostles.

Teacher: Good. Go to the head of the class. You'll be President of the United States—perhaps.

SHIRTS IN NICARAGUA.—Shirts must be scarce in Nicaragua. A correspondent of the Granada newspaper, signing himself "Titus Bricks," says: "Being very glad to learn Spanish, I have begun to board at a native's house. Before I was there many days, I became acquainted with a very pleasant native woman, who gave me to understand that she washed clothes, and insisted upon washing my shirt. I told her as well as I could that I usually did it myself at the lake, where I could lie in the water till it dried, under the pretence of bathing. Women have always been my weakness. I gave her the shirt four days ago, and she has not returned with it. I will not tell you how I feel; but having abated four days is no joke."

It is stated in one of our Pittsburg exchanges that there are four million bushels of coal there awaiting a rise in the river to be started for parts below.—*Low. Courier.*

There is now building at East Boston an iron steam ship-of-war intended for the Viceroy of Egypt. She is 216 feet long, 37 wide, and 21 feet deep, with long sharp ends, slightly concave waterlines, and a semicircular stern. She will be ready for launching in December. She will be shipped. She is intended as a yacht for the Viceroy of Egypt, who had her built in the United States, upon the presumption that he would obtain a better model for speed than could be produced in either England or France.

A free negro perpetrated a horrid outrage upon the person of a Mrs. Morris, in Manchester, Ohio, on Sunday night last. Mr. Morris was absent at Cincinnati. The negro entered the house through the back window, about two o'clock at night, and after beating her until she was insensible, committed his infernal purpose.

During his scuffle with Mrs. Morris she had scratched his face and he was thus detected. A mob collected and hung him to a tree, but the rope broke and he was thus saved for the present. He was then committed to jail. But upon the return of Mr. Morris, he and a brother of Mrs. Morris headed another mob and took the negro from the jail and hung him. The mob then dispersed.

Gubernatorial Vote of 1855, and Presidential Vote of 1856.

For the convenience of our readers, we publish the official vote of Kentucky for Governor last year, and the vote for President this year:

Counties.	Morehead	Clark	Fillmore	Buchanan
Adair	431	942	455	1033
Allen	605	680	537	713
Anderson	351	695	299	737
Ballard	372	562	000	331
Barren	1510	1153	1561	1232
Bath	673	1045	000	384
Boone	915	673	937	818
Bourbon	994	535	957	601
Boyle	697	556	676	382
Bracken	939	400	105	000
Breathitt	136	493	000	309
Breckinridge	1128	307	1008	628
Bullitt	600	431	545	561
Butler	629	364	571	451
Caldwell	436	548	000	142
Calloway	165	980	209	1200
Campbell	956	1166	905	1219
Carroll	457	453	439	511
Carter	354	628	000	550
Casey	639	429	184	000
Christian	1036	848	1006	1025
Clarke	955	330	946	413
Clay	308	476	419	367
Clinton	286	540	266	522
Crittenden	350	594	000	000
Cumberland	582	324	635	335
Daviess	962	826	000	13
Edmonson	188	400	161	421
Estill	558	619	489	563
Fayette	1439	815	1404	1006
Flemming	1120	715	29	000
Floyd	153	769	85	940
Franklin	946	764	833	794
Fulton	198	335	343	460
Gallatin	450	290	423	405
Garrard	976	368	866	423
Grant	735	541	000	35
Graves	538	1231	475	1380
Grayson	523	599	477	651
Greene	467	782	407	639
Greenup	941	542	000	1
Hancock	418	351	425	409
Hardin	1391	586	1228	932
Harlan	398	232	000	000
Harrison	1065	866	965	1095
Hart	598	791	509	866
Henderson	881	657	865	767
Henry	805	944	000	316
Hickman	173	512	244	630
Hopkins	925	1066	000	300
Jefferson	4416	2311	4982	2972
Jessamine	565	505	614	553
Johnson	36	597	14	700
Kenton	1278	1292	1246	1643
Knox	562	336	595	266
Larue	584	391	548	489
Laurel	373	441	182	000
Lawrence	73	300	000	60
Letcher	73	300	000	000
Lewis	610	407	000	97
Lincoln	578	469	796	450
Livingston	493	293	85	000
Logan	1540	386	1612	506
Lyon	255	302	000	137
Madison	1287	810	1087	832
Marion	433	1172	418	1154
Marshall	104	803	000	839
Mason	1355	728	1368	994
McCracken	648	391	154	000
McLean	258	251	404	577
Meade	786	333	714	412
Mercer	750	986	615	1121
Montgomery	603	428	546	451
Monroe	506	624	000	48
Morgan	379	1040	283	1071
Muhlenburg	893	834	000	6
Nelson	819	1027	793	1041
Nicholas	759	699	668	709
Ohio	931	805	813	901
Oldham	424	485	387	528
Owen	575	1396	554	1579
Owsley	319	478	369	447
Pendleton	779	354	746	732
Perry	126	256	000	000
Pike	108	712	000	570
Powell	159	177	167	177
Pulaski	1083	1283	000	360
Rockcastle	416	218	417	153
Russell	499	375	448	429
Rowan	(new county)	100	000	000
Shelby	765	899	674	1049
Shelby	1320	611	1262	773
Simpson	437	533	436	536
Spencer	438	429	000	50
Taylor	371	641	347	672
Todd	667	554	762	575
Trigg	504	728	581	859
Trimble	275	504	273	599
Union	694	750	000	225
Warren	1382	632	1362	695
Washington	467	1120	441	1146
Wayne	676	661	000	185
Whitley	485	376	000	000
Woodford	682	357	672	420
Total	69816	65413	—	—

IMPORTANT FACT.—Buchanan a majority President.—Notwithstanding all the boasts of the opposition to the contrary, it turns out, as stated by us, that Mr. Buchanan is a majority President of the United States. If every individual who voted for Fillmore in the United States had voted for Fremont, or vice versa, it would not have changed the result. Mr. Buchanan received a majority of the votes polled in fourteen Southern States, which east one hundred and twelve electoral votes. In addition he carries the States of Pennsylvania and Indiana by absolute majorities over everything; they are entitled to forty electoral votes, and added to the South it makes one hundred and forty-two, three more than is necessary to a choice.

The union of the opposition forces upon one man could not have beaten Mr. Buchanan. The official canvass shows this to be a fact. The Fillmore votes did not hold the balance of power; their votes could not have affected the result. Mr. Buchanan, in truth and fact, is a majority President. *Louisville Times.*

The Oratorio—A Card.

Bishop Spalding takes great pleasure in publicly tendering his heartfelt thanks to the ladies and gentlemen amateur and professional musicians of this city who so generously volunteered their services in getting up and conducting the late Oratorio in the Cathedral. The memory of the brilliant success which crowned their efforts, as attested by the unanimous public verdict, will come over their spirits in after life with soothing and cheering influence like sweet sounds of distant music wafted over the waters. Than this pleasing reminiscence, and the consciousness of having well done a good deed, they need ask no better reward in this world. That health, happiness, and the divine blessing may ever attend them, and that all their future undertakings may be rewarded with equal success, by the sincere wish and prayer of the Bishop, who also discharges a duty most grateful to his feelings in making his acknowledgements to the large, respectable, and appreciating audience who attended the Oratorio amount to the handsome sum of eleven hundred dollars. Considerable more, it is believed, than was ever before realized by a sacred concert in this city.

THE GRAND ORATORIO.—The Grand Oratorio which came off at the Cathedral last evening was successful beyond the hopes of its most earnest friends. Notwithstanding the portentous aspect of the weather, an immense number of the beauty and fashion and gallantry of the city commenced thronging the aisles, and by seven o'clock there was scarcely a vacant seat to be found. There were twenty-two or twenty three hundred persons present, all of whom testified to the superior excellence of the entertainment by the profoundest attention.

It has rarely been our pleasure to partake of so rich a musical treat. We doubt if we shall ever enjoy its superior. The very finest amateur talent of the city—the powerful and charming voice of male and female, with the rich tones of one of the finest organs of the West, conspired to produce such music as seldom falls upon the ear in this or any other country.

The object of the Oratorio was to raise the necessary means for the purchase of a town clock weighing 4,000 pounds—much the largest in the city—to be placed in the tower at an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet from the pavement. And we are gratified to state that the liberal spirit evinced by our citizens last night has secured this desirable end.

Louisville Times

An Italian journal states that a carpenter discovered a new method of constructing a locomotive engine, which may be set in motion without the aid of steam, human labor, or fuel. Its daily cost is limited to the value of the grease required to diminish friction, and its use is free from any danger whatever. The inventor Gioacchino Papa, living at Brescia, proposes to dispose of his secret. The engine will cost 20,000 francs, is of 100 horse power, and 10,000 francs for every additional 100 horse power.

ENORMOUS CONSUMPTION OF CIGARS.—The fabrication of cigars in Lyons, France, has increased within the last year in the proportion of 20 to 9, and yet the quantity supplied is scarcely sufficient for the consumption. The depot of Bourg receives each month 256,000 cigars of five centimes, which gives three millions per annum. The consumption of Lyons is 75,000 cigars a day, or 2,250,000 per month.

GRAHAM'S Illustrated Magazine.

The Fiftieth Volume commences with the next January number. Watson & Co., the new publishers of this Magazine, announce to their patrons and the public generally that it is their intention to make use of all the immense resources at their command to produce a First Class Magazine. To this end no expense or exertion will be spared.

Every number will contain two fine Steel Engravings. Fine Wood Engravings will illustrate many of the articles published in each number.

The Ladies' Work Table.—Under this head they will present, in each number, a great variety of Useful and Ornamental Designs and Patterns for Crochet and Needle Work, with full directions for working, when necessary.

The Fashion Department of this Magazine will be fully equal and in some respects superior to that of any other Magazine published.

The Literary contents will combine all that is useful, instructive, and entertaining, consisting in part of Historical Romances, Sketches of Travel, Tales of society, Translations, Gems of Poetry, Interesting Extracts from New Works, Criticisms, Fairy Tales, Tales of the Wonderful, and many other works of interest.

The Twelve numbers of this Magazine for 1857 will comprise one of the most magnificent volumes ever issued, containing in all twelve hundred pages of Reading matter, one hundred fine wood engravings, twelve handsome colored Fashion Plates, one hundred engravings of Ladies' and Children's dresses, fifty comic illustrations, and over three hundred patterns of Needlework, &c.

TERMS: One copy one year, \$3; two copies, \$5; five copies, (and one to get up of club), \$10; eleven copies, (and one to agent), \$20.

Send in your subscriptions early to WATSON & CO., 60 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

EXTRA NOTICE.—Subscribers sending three dollars for one year's subscription to "Graham's" will receive a copy of Graham's Ladies' Paper for one year without charge.

Lady's Paper,

Devoted exclusively to the Wants of the Ladies of America.

TERMS: Single copies, 50 cents; five copies, \$2; fourteen copies, and one sent to get up of club, for \$5; always payable in advance.

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Wednesday Morning, Dec. 3, 1856.

Rags! Rags! Rags!!!

Clean Linnen and Cotton Rags wanted at this office. The highest price in CASH will be paid for any amount brought.

Notice.

All personal communications to this paper will be hereafter charged as advertisements, and must be paid for, before they can appear. This rule will be adhered to strictly.

GRAND ILLUMINATION.—The citizens of Harrodsburg, Ky., had a grand illumination on Thursday night last, in honor of Buchanan's election.

COWS FOR WORK.—One man in California plowed seventy-five acres with a cow team, and at the same time milked them every day.

HEAVY LOSS.—Twelve of the superb capitals which were to surmount the great columns in the rotunda of the new custom house at New Orleans, costing \$8,000 each, were lost recently in the steamship *Oniphant*.

NEW CENTS.—The Hon. James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury, states that "no authority was given by Congress at the last session for the issue of new cents," consequently none have been made. This announcement is made as the impression is pretty general that a new cent coin was about to be issued from the mint.

DROWNED.—The Russellville Herald says, a runaway negro man, in the eastern part of the county, on last Saturday, drowned himself in a large pond, to escape being taken by some gentlemen who were in pursuit of him.

A large train of Mormons, during the summer, traveled from Missouri to Salt Lake, carrying all their plunder in hand-carts, without teams. Each man was harnessed to his cart, and the women and children made the journey on foot. They traveled 20 and 30 miles per day, and arrived in advance of the cattle wagons. They were received by Brigham and the faithful with a public welcome.

The suspension bridge about to be erected over the Mississippi at St. Louis, it is said, will be the most costly in the world. It will cost about two million dollars, will be eighty-four feet above high water, and over a mile in length. The bottom of the towers will be sixty feet below low water.

A foot race for \$1,000 is to come off on the 10th inst., between David Carr, of Wrightstown, who beat the New Yorkers some time ago, and Isaac Shultz, of Louisville, Ky., better known as "Lancaster Ike."

JESUITS IN KANSAS.—The Roman Catholics have had a mission, together with a manual labor school, in operation at Potawatomi, K. T., for about a year. A report from the superintendent speaks encouragingly of the success of the mission among the Indians. It is in charge of a Jesuit priest and Mother Lucile Motheron, a sister of the "Sacred Heart."

Handbills are being circulated in Carroll county, Ky., giving notice of a public meeting at Carrollton, on Saturday, Dec. 6, for the purpose of forming an agricultural society. All are invited to attend. Several speakers are expected to be present.

Milk sickness is prevailing to a considerable extent in the vicinity of New Harmony, Ind.

John Briggs, a brother of the Massachusetts ex-Governor by that name, died suddenly in San Francisco lately.

John S. Robb, who died at Sacramento, was the author of the well-remembered "Solitaire" letters.

Twenty or thirty thousand hogs passed through Maysville during last week.

Jno. O. Ballock, Esq., anticipating a change of business, desires to dispose of his interest in the Louisville Times office. The entire office will be sold if a purchaser so desires.

Day laborers are very scarce in Mobile, and men are refusing to work for less than seven-fifty dollars per month.

The Daily Washington Organ, after sinking \$20,000, has been discontinued. It was the national exponent of the know-nothing party. The Daily Dispatch, in New York, which attempted to be the Metropolitan organ of the same party, is discontinued also.

Seven thousand live turkey's and 3,000 chickens from Upper Canada arrived at Boston on the 24th ult., by rail-road.

John M. Clayton graduated at Yale College, Connecticut, in 1815, in the same class with the Hons. Truman Smith, of Connecticut; Thos. A. Marshall, of Kentucky; Isaac E. Holmes, of South Carolina and Orion Fowler, of Massachusetts, members of Congress, and also James G. Percival, the poet.

A farmer in Southern Alabama advises persons smoking hams to throw upon the fire occasionally a handful of China berries, which, he says, will be an effectual preventive against skippers. It is worth trying, anyhow.

George C. McWhorter, editor of the Baton Rouge Gazette, died on the 19th ult.

The Russellville Herald mentions hogs being offered at \$4 25 net in that place, and that some persons demand higher figures.

It is proposed in the City Council of St. Louis to abolish all rectifying establishments in that place.

The meeting between Mr. Randolph and Gen. Goicouri, at New York, did not take place on Monday, in consequence of the parties not being able to agree as to "distance and mode," although they agreed that the weapons should be pistols. Mr. Randolph insisted that the distance should not exceed six paces.

In the criminal court of Charleston, South Carolina, on Friday last, a man was sentenced to imprisonment for six months, for illegally whipping a slave.

A newly married man declared that if he had another inch of happiness, he could not live. His wife and sister are obliged to roll him on the floor and pat him with a shingle every day, to keep him from collapsing with happiness.

A western editor wants to know if the law recently enacted against carrying concealed weapons, applies to doctors who carry their pills in their pockets?

The editor of the Western Farm Journal says that within a circuit of fifteen or twenty miles around Cincinnati, there are now two thousand acres in grapes.

The "Fillmore Boy" of Lexington have presented Roger W. Hanson, Esq., with a splendid silver goblet and waiter, in consideration of his services as Presidential Elector.

BURNING THE DEAD.—Wm. Walker, M. D., now President of Nicaragua, has written an article in which he brings the results of his medical studies at Philadelphia and Paris to bear against the practice of burial, and in favor of burning the dead. Coming from so high an official source, these suggestions may be regarded as preliminary to a decree requiring the entire abolition of interment, and the substitution of cremation in the youngest of the Republics.

No one who has been in tropical countries need be informed of the devastating effects of the poisonous gases arising from graveyards. In Nicaragua, especially during the dry season, the extreme potency of the sun sucks up from the soil a most pestilential congregation of vapors, and no depths of digging can arrest or prevent their deadly escape among the living.

Hundreds of soldiers engaged in the battle of Rivas perished with diseases produced by the malarious gases steaming from the corpses of comrades, whom they had pitched into the wells.

The new railroad bridge across the Kentucky river, at Frankfort, is progressing finely under the superintendence of Mr. Taylor. It promises to be a very substantial and lasting structure—something in advance of the present rickety and break-neck affair.—*Lou. Cou.*

Several runaway slaves have been arrested over in Indiana within a few days, including a likely woman, who had been passing herself off on the Republicans as a genuine buck nigger. She was dressed and looked the man to the life.

A NEW PAPER.—We understand that arrangements are being made by responsible parties for the establishment in this city of a new daily paper to advocate the doctrines of know nothingism, or rather of Unionism, as that is the new shape the party is taking. The Journal is considered too heavy and dull. A little light artillery is wanted.—*Lou. Cou.*

An exchange has discovered that the most remarkable fact about the weather at present is—the ladies possessed of handsome sets of furs find it "bitter cold" for the season, while those who are not so well provided declare that "it ain't cold a bit."

Ki-Hi says it's all nonsense saying the Fillmore men had no strength—just see how they knocked down the Democrats in Baltimore.

MURDER.—On Sunday morning last, while a party of four persons were engaged in playing cards in Circleville, O., a dispute arose between a man named Thos. Moore and another person, name not known, when Moore caught up a corn cutter and literally cut his antagonist to pieces. The murderer was arrested and lodged in jail.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post says that Gov. Gardner, of Mass., has appointed a deaf and dumb man a Justice of the Peace in that State. Thackeray is lecturing on the "Three Georges" in Scotland. Why is the "Fourth George," on whom Mr. Thackeray was the most bitterly sarcastic here, omitted.

HEAVY VERDICT.—A verdict of \$2500 has been obtained, in the Court of Stark county, Ohio, by E. Reynolds, against W. H. Greer, for slander. The slanderous words consisted in reporting, contrary to the facts, that the plaintiff, who is a merchant in Waynesburg in that county, had failed and made an assignment—a report calculated to injure his business standing.—*Lou. Cou.*

M. Kossuth realized three thousand pounds sterling by his series of lectures in Scotland last season; and he has received eighty invitations for winter lectures in Great Britain.

PROSPECTUS OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

NEAR LEBANON, MARION CO., KY.

The exercises of this flourishing Institution will recommence on the first Monday on next September, (1856,) on which day all students are desired to be punctually in attendance. Under a new President and Faculty every effort will be made to render the College worthy an increased public confidence. Students will be received without distinction of religious denomination, provided they be of good moral character, and are willing to comply with all the regulations. There are two sessions per year, each of five months, the first ending February 1, and the second about the 1st of July.

TERMS PER SESSION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

Board, with Tuition in Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic and the Elements of Grammar, \$42 50
Board, with tuition in Grammar, Geography, use of the Globes, Geometry, Algebra, Surveying, or either of these Branches, 47 00
Board, with tuition in Rhetoric History, Book-Keeping, the Elements of Mental and Natural Philosophy, Botany, High Mathematics, and the Latin Language, or either of them, 50 00
Washing and ordinary Mending, 5 00
Physician's Fee and Medicines, 2 50

EXTRA CHARGES AT THE OPTION OF PARENTS.

Music, per Quarter, \$10 00
Furnish, 3 00
Bed and Bedding, when furnished, 5 00
Stationary, [Paper, Ink and Pen,] 2 50
Board at College during vacation, 12 00
For further information address REV. P. J. LAVIALLE, President St. Mary's College, Lebanon, Marion County, Ky., who will forward a Prospectus of the Institution to any one desiring full details. July 30-2m

CONSUMPTION.

Successfully Treated by Inhalation of Medicated Vapors.

By Johnson Stewart, M. D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and for years senior Physician in the London Royal Infirmary, for diseases of the Lungs.

In this age of progress, Medical Science has contributed her full share to the general welfare; and that which shines resplendent, the brightest jewel in her diadem, is her last and greatest gift, MEDICATED VAPOR INHALATION in the treatment of CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and kindred affections.

All must see the absurdity of treating Consumption through the stomach, by filling it with nauseous drugs; the disease is not in the stomach, but in the lungs, and by inhaling medicine in the form of Vapor, I apply the remedy directly to the diseased organ. There is, therefore, no case so hopeless that inhalation will not reach. I earnestly appeal to the common sense of all afflicted with lung diseases, to embrace at once the advantages of Inhalation.

I claim for Inhalation, in the treatment of consumption, &c., a place amongst the priceless gifts that nature and art has given us, that "our days may be long in the land," and as the only ark of refuge for the Consumptive! A method not only rational, but simple, safe, and efficacious.

I have pleasure in referring to 108 names, residents of New York and neighborhood, who have been restored to vigorous health. About one-third of the above number, according to the patients' own statements were considered hopeless cases.

The Inhalation method is so simple, safe, and consists in the administration of medicines in such a manner that they are conveyed into the lungs in the form of vapor, and produce their action at the seat of the disease. Its practical success is destined to revolutionize the opinions of the medical world, and establish the entire CURABILITY of Consumption.

Applicants will please state if they have bled from the lungs, if they have lost flesh, have a cough, night sweats, and fever tains, what and how much they expectorate, what the condition of their stomach and bowels. The Medicines, Ap.arius, &c. will be forwarded to any part.

TESTIMONY.
"We, the undersigned, practitioners in medicine, cheerfully recommend Dr. Johnson S. Stewart's method of treating diseases of the throat and lungs, as the best and most effectual ever introduced into medical practice. Our convictions are based upon having several of our own patients, confirmed consumptives, restored to vigorous health after a few months treatment by Dr. Rose."

In the above named disease, the application of "Medicated Vapors" inhaled directly into the lungs may be justly considered a great boon to suffering humanity, rendering consumption a perfectly curable disease.

Dr. Rose deserves well of the profession for his strenuous and unwearied exertions in bringing this successful and only reliable method of treating consumption to such a degree of perfection.

Signed,
WAYNE BREWSTER, M.D. New York.
RALPH STOBED, M.D. "
JONAS A. MOTT, M.D. "
CYRUS KINGSLEY, M.D. "

And eleven other eminent practitioners in this and neighboring cities.

Terms—Five dollars, consultation fee. Report of fee payable only when on fees report themselves convenient.

N. B. The new postage law requires that all letters be prepaid. My correspondence being extensive, applications to ensure replies must enclose postage.

Dr. Rose's Treatise on Consumption—price one dollar. Address
JOHN STONESTADT ROSE,
Office, 831 Broadway, New York.
* * * Money letters must be registered by the Post Master, such letters, only, being at my risk July 18, 1856.

Special Notices.

When death is at the door, the remedy which would have saved life, if administered in time, comes too late. Do not trifle with disease. Rely upon it, that when the stomach will not digest food: when faintness and lassitude pervade the system—when the sleep is disturbed, the appetite feeble, the mind lethargic, the nerves unnaturally sensitive, and the head confused—rely upon it, that when these symptoms occur, the powers of vitality are failing, and, unless the mischief is promptly checked, life will be shortly lost, as well as rendered miserable. Now we know from a mass of testimony, greater than was ever before accumulated in favor of one remedy, that Hood's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, will immediately abate, and, in the end, entirely remove all of these disorders as surely as a mathematical process will solve a problem. Who, then, will endure the agony, and the risk of life, with health and safety within reach? See advertisement.

INVALIDS recovering from the effects of Fever, Billious Diseases, or long continued illness of any kind, will find Carter's Spanish Mixture the only remedy which will revive their drooping constitutions, expel all bad humors from the blood, excite the liver to a prompt and healthy action, and by its tonic properties, restore the patient to life and vigor.

We can only say TRY IT. A single bottle is worth all the so-called Sarsaparillas in existence. It contains no Mercury, Opium, or any other noxious or poisonous drug, and can be given to the youngest infant without hesitation. See the certificates of wonderful cures around the bottles. More than five hundred persons in the city of Richmond, Va., can testify to its good effects. See advertisement.



CATHARTIC PILLS

OPERATE by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action. They remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, and by restoring their irregular action to health, correct, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first causes of disease. An extensive trial of their virtues, by Physicians, and Patients, has shown cures of dangerous diseases almost beyond belief; were they not attested by persons of such high position and character as to forbid the suspicion of fraud. Their certificates are published in my American Almanac, which the Agents below named are pleased to furnish free to all inquiring.

For further information for their use in the complaints which they have been found to cure.
FOR CONSTIPATION.—Take one or two Pills, or such quantity as to gently move the bowels. Constipation is frequently the aggravating cause of other and more dangerous complaints, and the cure of both. No person can feel well while under a positive habit of body. Hence it should be, as it can be, promptly relieved.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, which is sometimes the cause of other and more dangerous complaints, take one or two Pills, or such quantity as to gently move the bowels. They will do it, and the heartburn, indigestion, and sourness of dyspepsia will disappear. When it has gone, don't forget what cured you.

FOR A FULSOMESTOMACH, or Morbid Indigestion of the Bowels, which produces general depression of the spirits and bad health, take from four to eight Pills at night, and smaller doses afterwards, until activity and strength is restored to the system.

FOR NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, NAUSEA, Pain in the Stomach, Back, or Side, take from four to eight Pills on going to bed. If they do not operate sufficiently, take up the next day and all day. These complaints will be swept out from the system. Don't wear them and their kindred disorders because your stomach is full.

FOR SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, and all Diseases of the Skin, take the Pills freely and frequently, to keep the bowels open. The eruptions will gradually begin to diminish and disappear. Many dreadful ulcers and sores have been healed up by the purging and purifying effect of these Pills, and some disgusting diseases which seemed to saturate the whole system have completely yielded to their influence, leaving the sufferer in perfect health.

FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, and all Inflammatory Affections, arise from some derangement—either torpidity, congestion, or obstructions of the Liver. Torpidity and congestion vitiate the bile and render it unfit for action. This derangement, in turn, vitiates the blood, and the constitution is frequently undermined by no other cause. Indigestion is the symptom. Obstruction of the duct which empties the bile into the stomach causes the bile to overflow and the blood to become jaundiced, with a long and dangerous train of evils. Costiveness, or alternately costiveness and diarrhoea, prevails. Feverish symptoms, languor, low spirits, weariness, restlessness, and melancholy, with sometimes inability to sleep, and sometimes great drowsiness, sometimes there is severe pain in the side; the skin and the white of the eyes become a greenish yellow; the stomach acid; the bowels sore to the touch; the whole system irritable, with a tendency to fever, which may turn to bilious fever, bilious colic, bilious diarrhoea, dysentery, &c. A medium dose of three or four Pills taken at night, followed by two or three in the morning, and repeated a few days will remove the cause of all these troubles. It is wished to suffer such pains when you can cure them for 25 cents.

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A LARGE LOT OF READY-MADE Clothing, and a fine stock of Cloth, Mer, and Vestings, on hand and for sale by April 3 SPALDING & MERIMÉE.

LEBANON FEMALE SEMINARY.

The next session of this Institution will commence on the first Monday of September next, under the following organization:

JAMES S. GILKESON, Principal.
MRS. M. L. GILKESON, Teacher of Primary department
MISS M. D. HOPPER, Teacher of Music, French, &c.

TERMS PER SESSION, [OF TWENTY WEEKS:]

Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, and Eng. Grammar, \$8.00
Chemistry, Philosophy and Composition, with any of the above named studies, 10.00
Algebra, Geometry, Astronomy, Physiology, Geology, Moral Science, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, 12.00
Music on the Piano, 2.00
Use of Instrument, 3.00
French, 10.00

Students will be charged for the highest study which they pursue.
Each student will be charged fifty cents for incidental expenses.
No deduction will be made for lost time, except in cases of protracted sickness.

The Trustees take pleasure in announcing to the public, that this school has been in successful operation for the last year. The location is every way a desirable one. The town occupies a central position in the State; and will soon be the terminus of a Railroad from Louisville. Judging the future by the past, we, as Trustees, do most heartily recommend this school to public patronage, for the firm, but mild and judicious government, its thorough mental discipline, and the rapid advancement of its pupils in knowledge.
Clerk of Board of Trustees.
Lebanon, Ky., August 13, 1856.

Hurley's Sarsaparilla.

OF all the remedies that have been discovered during the present age for the "old disease," and its flesh is heir to," none equal this wonderful preparation. Only three years have elapsed since the discoverer (who spent a decade in studious, experimenting, and perfecting it) first introduced it to the public, and is already recognized by the most eminent physicians in all parts of the country to be the most surprising and effective remedy for certain diseases of which they have knowledge.

All other compounds or syrups of the root have hitherto failed to command the sanction of the faculty, because on being tested, they have been found to contain noxious ingredients, which neutralize the good effects of the Sarsaparilla, and often times injure the health of the patient. It is not so with Hurley's preparation.

This is the pure and genuine extract of the root, and will, on trial, be found to effect a certain and perfect cure of the following complaints and diseases:

Affections of the Bones, Habitual Constiveness, Debility

